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MYRTILLA:

A Fairy Extravaganza,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

GEO. EDWARD RICE.

Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

TAMING THE SHREW.

Duke. Is there a moral to thy song?
Pierre. I leave that to your highness to discover.

OLD PLAY.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS.
M DCCC LIV.

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PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH the Writer has trespassed twice upon the good nature of the Public, in "*An Old Play in a New Garb*," and "*Ephemera*," he trusts, nevertheless, that his third appearance, in this little Christmas Extravaganza, will not be unwelcome.

Boston, Dec. 24, 1853.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Myrtilla, a Peerless Paragon and Princess of the Honeysuckle Bowers.
Lady Verbena Mossrosebud, Maid of Honor.

Hyacinth, Prince of the Amaranthine Kingdom.
Marquis of Heliotrope, Lord High Chamberlain.
Lord Primrose Violet, Gentleman in Waiting.

Nightshade, Prince of the Ill-starred Island.
Marquis of Tigerlily, Prime Minister.
Lord Ivy Hellebore, General Courtier.

The Fairy Queen.
Fairy Vanilla.

An unlimited quantity of Fairies.
The Wicked Witch.
Attendants, &c.

MYRTILLA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in Prince Nightshade's Palace, in the Ill-starred Island. Music plays "There is nae luck about the house."

The PRINCE *enters. — Music ceases.*

Prince N. I've had my morning draught of hock and soda,
But still I feel a little out of order.
[*Rings bell.—Servant enters.*
Bring me some muffins, and a cup of tea,
But don't serve breakfast 'till you hear from me.
Get me the "Post;" likewise the "Advertiser,"
[*Exit Servant.*
They 'll serve to make me wittier and wiser.
My head 's confused; I don't remember quite
All the transactions that took place last night;
My courtiers cleaned me out of cash completely,
And did it, too, quite gracefully and neatly; —
One fellow held four aces every hand, —
And how, I really could n't understand.
Perhaps he thought I did n't clearly see, —
But once, I 'll swear, he 'd four when I had three!

Now, packs with seven aces a' n't the thing!
Then they proposed a game called "Fingering
A Hat for Drinks;" at that I thought they cheated;
I was the victim every time, and treated
Of course. In short, they bled me very dry,
At one thing and another. Here am I
A Prince dead-broke — a despicable thing!
A rich Snob 's better than a needy King.
If my sad fortunes do n't begin to mend,
Of royal Nightshade folks will see the end.

[*Enter Servant, with tea, muffins, and newspapers.*

SONG.

AIR — *Crambambuli.*

At evening gray, at morning free,
I always like a cup of tea, —
Hyson, Souchong, Pecco tea,
What it may be.

Now coffee do n't agree with me,
And that 's the reason I drink tea;
Hyson, Souchong, Pecco tea
Agree with me.

And whether I 'm on land or sea,
I can 't forego my cup of tea.
Hyson, Souchong, Pecco tea,
Are all good tea.

These headaches would n't trouble me,
If I drank nothing else but tea;
Hyson, Souchong, Pecco tea
Do n't trouble me.

If I have had a trifling spree,
The Chinese plant quite sets up me;
Hyson, Souchong, Pecco tea
Quite sets up me.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sire! the courtiers wait without.
Prince N. Admit them.
Could I but find some method to outwit them!
[*Exit Servant.*

Enter MARQUIS OF TIGERLILY *and* LORD IVY HELLEBORE.

Now by the piper that to Moses played,
To look me in the face they 're not afraid!
Well, gentlemen, you did the handsome thing
By me last night, — you rather broke your King.
Marq. of T. Candor compels us, mighty Prince, to say
It did not seem to be your night to play.
Lord I. H. And let us ask if when you rose this morn
You felt quite brilliant?
Prince N. Yes, Sir, — in a horn!
But none of this.... Things look at last so bad
That if "*material aid*" cannot be had,
The Ill-starred Island will be forced to break.
Marq. of T. Well, let it break; we have n't much at stake.
Prince N. Whate'er I do, the same ill-luck pursues;
If I bet on a card, or horse — I lose!
If I buy stock — it straight begins to fall!
Confound the cards, the horses, stocks, and all, —
No share in any Stock shall Nightshade own!
Lord I. H. What was the very last you bought?
Prince N. Malone.

Lord I. H. Bless us and save us all!—What made you buy it?

Prince N. I'll tell you in a song, if you 'll keep quiet.

SONG.

AIR—*The Widow Malone.*

Hear how I got into Malone,
Och, hone!
A friend took me aside, alone,
One noon,
And said with palaver,
That as a great favor,
He 'd "let me come in" to Malone,
Och, hone!

He spoke in such terms of Malone,
Och, hone!
'T would have softened a heart of bone,
Or stone.
I jumped at the offer,
Unfastened my coffer,
And headlong plunged into Malone,
Och, hone!

I sigh when I think of Malone,
Och, hone!
And think I 've a right to groan,
And moan.
It straightway went down,
I find I 'm done brown,
And no one will buy my Malone,
Och, hone!

Three dollars I paid for Malone,
Och, hone!
And now I can sell it for one
To none!
Some offer a half,
While the bystanders laugh
And say, "What do you think of Malone?"
Och, hone!

Marq. of T. But now to business, and bethink us how
To mend the fortunes that appear so low.
Prince N. I have some hope; a hag appeared one night,
Who told me she would bring me out all right,
And gain for me a wife extremely rich.
Since then, I have n't heard from the old Witch.
Marq. of T. Let 's call for her, with some infernal rite.
Prince N. If you should sing, I think 't would answer—
Lord I. H. Quite!

SONG.

AIR — *Ginger Blue.*

Marq. of T. Old Witch! we call for you;
Things are looking very blue,
And the Prince is distressed beyond measure.
It is his firm belief
You can give him some relief,
And he 'll hail your appearance with pleasure.

(*Chorus.*) Walk, chalk, things are blue;
Relieve him of his trouble,
For the fat has fallen in the fire.

Now if you will appear,
And lend a willing ear
To the many disagreeables that beset him,
Perhaps you may suggest
What you think is for the best,
And out of his difficulties get him.

(*Chorus.*) Walk, chalk, &c.

[*A barrel slowly ascends through the stage, and falls to pieces, disclosing the* WICKED WITCH. — *Discordant music; thunder and lightning.*]

Prince N. Marquis; it seems you have n't called in vain.
W. Witch. Nightshade! — my much loved son; I'm here again!
Prince N. Yes, you 're apparent now. When last we met,
You promised much, and you 've done nothing yet.
Who, what, and where is my expected bride?
W. Witch. Myrtilla is her name; she is the pride
Of all who know her; what 's more, she 's a Queen
The fairest and the wealthiest e'er seen.
O'er her good Fairies constantly are hovering,
And she 's the Honeysuckle Bowers' Sovereign.
Prince N. The sky begins to brighten up, at last!
You guarantee I 'll get her?
W. Witch. Not so fast!
Of those I like to aid, you are a sample;
You see you 've set a glorious bad example
To all the youth who dwell in your dominions; —
They ape your habits — copy your opinions.
Of all that 's vicious your approval 's hearty,
And you 've induced more souls to join the party

To which I have the honor to belong,
Than many known in history and song.
For this, myself and He I serve feel grateful;
We prize a man whose whole career is hateful.
Throughout your life you 've always been, we know,
Satan's most faithful agent here below;
And therefore I 'll assist you all I can,
You wicked, vicious, dissipated man!
But here 's the rub! — my power 's not supreme, —
I 'm often foiled in some most favorite scheme.

Prince N. If you and I, old Beldame, join our forces,
Woe to each person who our pathway crosses!

W. Witch. The Fairy Queen against us brings her powers,
And fights in Virtue's cause — which is *not* ours.
Those who deserve, do sometimes win the day, —
Although not always, as the proverbs say.
I can but tell you the precise locality
Of Queen Myrtilla's splendid principality,
Then leave it to your scheming ingenuity
To fix yourself therein in perpetuity.

SONG.

AIR — *Oh, where, tell me where, has my Highland laddie gone.*

Prince N.—

Oh, where, tell me where, does this wondrous beauty dwell?
I hope she 's not a Myth, and that this is not a "sell;"
And it 's oh, in my heart I 'd like to see her well.

Oh, where, tell me where, has my reputation gone?
I hope it wo n't precede me to Queen Myrtilla's throne,
And it 's oh! if it does, I sha n't make her my own.

W. Witch. Sail you at once from this black Ill-starred
Island,
North-East by North, until you come to dry land, —
Then over meadows, mountains, valleys, go,
In spite of rain, and hail, and frost, and snow;
This is an expedition, so make haste
Until you reach a large and sandy waste —
A desert drear as lions ever roared on;
Cross it, — then go to t' other side of Jordan; —
All of this mystery you 'll then unravel;
The road is long, and very hard to travel!

SONG.

AIR — *The other side of Jordan.*

You 've no time to lose, so pack up your clothes,
Take a book your travels to record in,
Engage a berth in the first ship that goes,
Then start for the other side of Jordan.

(*Chor.*) All that I say you must as truth receive,
You 'll find you 've a hard road to travel,
All that I say you must as truth receive,—
You 've a mighty hard road to travel, I believe.

[*Witch ascends on a broomstick; thunder and lightning.*]

Prince N.—
Quick! Hellebore; rush down to the shore,
And see if you can find the Port Warden; —
Tell him to secure some berths for us four,
For we 're going to the other side of Jordan.

(*Chor.*) All the hag said we will as truth receive,
We 've got quite a hard road to travel;
All the hag said we will as truth receive,
We 've a mighty hard road to travel, I believe.

Lord I. H.—
I'm off, and wo n't return 'till everything is right,
I swear this by my star, cross and cordon,
And then I'll help you pack, and we'll sail this very night,
On our trip to the other side of Jordan.

(*Chor.*) All the hag said, we will as truth receive, &c.

Prince N.—
You will stop at your room and get your carpet-bag,
And return ere the clock's striking four done—
Quite ready to start, as directed by the hag,
On our jaunt to the other side of Jordan.

(*Chor.*) All the hag said, we will as truth receive, &c.

Marq. of T.—
I'll stay with the Prince 'till he's ready to depart,
Perhaps he will want something more done,
And of my ready cash I'll lend you a part,
For expenses to the other side of Jordan.

(*Chor.*) All the hag said, we will as truth receive, &c.
[*Exit* LORD I. H.

Prince N.—
Now this is quite kind, I really must confess,—
A handsomer thing I ne'er saw done,
And if you will aid me to fold our royal dress,
I'll be ready for the other side of Jordan.

(*Chor.*) All the hag said, we will as truth receive, &c.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Fairy Land. — A number of Fairies discovered asleep upon a bed of violets. — Music plays "We're all a noddin', nid, nid, noddin'." FAIRY QUEEN *enters, in a Car, drawn by Swans or Doves — just which is most convenient. Fairies start. —* FAIRY QUEEN *descends upon the stage. — Music ceases.*

Fairy Queen. So, ladies, you have been asleep, it seems;
I hope sincerely you've had pleasant dreams.
Now, rub your eyes, and get yourselves awake,
I've something for you all to undertake;
And if you'll leave your dewy floral bed,
I'll state the project that is in my head.

[*Fairies come forward and surround the* QUEEN.]

You well know that the gentle, young and fair
Princess Myrtilla, is my special care, —
The Sovereign, she, of Honeysuckle Bowers,
And lovelier than the loveliest of flowers, —
As good as fair, and therefore fair as good;
She now has reached the age of womanhood,
And 't is my wish, so tenderly I love her,
To wed her to some Prince, who's worthy of her.
Young Hyacinth, I thought of; he's a youth
The soul of Honor, Chivalry, and Truth,
And of a royal figure and demeanor.
Now, ladies, comes the point: he's never seen her;
I wish you'd visit him, while yet he slumbers, —
Sing to him, in your most harmonious numbers,
The praises of Myrtilla, and direct him
To seek her; then watch over and protect him.

This be your task — mine is a harder lot, —
I have to baffle a nefarious plot
Of Nightshade, that vile Ill-starred Island Prince,
The greatest villain that has been seen since
Our reign commenced. He know's Myrtilla's rich,
And, as he 's aided by a Wicked Witch,
Feels very confident that he shall win her.
May be, and may be not! — the hardened sinner!
The great result shall very soon be seen, —
If I do n't foil him, I 'm no Fairy Queen!
Falter not, ladies, or you 'll sadly rue it;
You know your duty, — now, be off, and do it!

SONG.

AIR — *Nelly Bligh.*

Fairy Vanilla. Fairy Queen!
We 've not seen
One we so much love;
All we do
Now for you,
You will much approve.
(*Chorus.*) Hey! Fairy!
Ho! Fairy!
'T is the truth we sing;
We 'll work for you
'Till all is blue,
And brave most every thing.

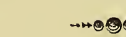
Fairy Queen. Little birds!
Pretty words
Never parsnips butter;
While you sing,
Plume each wing,
And prepare to flutter.

(Chorus.) Hey! Fairies!
Ho! Fairies!
Tarry not to sing;
I've given you
A task to do,—
Don't stop for anything.

Fairy Vanilla. Off we fly,
So, Good Bye!
For a little while;
We'll return,
When we earn
Your approving smile.

(Chorus.) Hey! Fairy!
Ho! Fairy!
We'll not stay to sing,—
But in a flash,
Away we'll dash,
And spread each brilliant wing.

[*Scene closes.*



SCENE III.

An Apartment in Prince Hyacinth's Palace, in the Amaranthine Kingdom.—The PRINCE *discovered asleep on a couch.—Music plays* "Oh, slumber, my Darling." *Fairies enter, and dance round the couch.*

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

AIR — *The Angel's Whisper.*

Sweet Prince! remain sleeping,
For Fairies are keeping

On all sides a watch, o'er thy kingdom and thee!
Though tempests are swelling,
No harm to this dwelling
Can come, — for the Fairies keep guard over thee!

Fairy Vanilla. He sleeps in peace, for no distracting cares
Or midnight revel his repose impairs.
Now let us sing to him, and make him dream
About Myrtilla. That it may not seem
Nought but a fantasy when he shall wake,
This piece of myrtle, from my wand, I take
And place it in his bosom, for her sake.

SONG.

AIR — *Take now this Ring.*

Take now this sprig; 't is thine, Prince, —
Go, try to make Myrtilla thine, Prince;
May Fortune ever smile on thee,
With smiles as sweet as, smiles as sweet as, mine.
Take it from me,—
Let it be a token
Of vows that must be spoken.

[*Places the sprig of myrtle in the* PRINCE'S *button-hole.*]

Now, ladies, each of you in song rejoices,
So, 'tune your pipes, — let 's hear your dulcet voices.

SONG.

AIR — *The birks of Aberfeldy.*

(*Chorus.*) Prince Hyacinth! now will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,—
Prince Hyacinth! now will ye go,
To win the fair Myrtilla?

Fairy Vanilla.—

She 's young, and exquisitely fair,
And has blue eyes and auburn hair;
Her beauty makes beholders stare
At lovely Queen Myrtilla.

(*Chorus.*) Prince Hyacinth! now will ye go, &c.

She rules the Honeysuckle Bowers,
Where they spend most delightful hours,
'Mid daffodils and other flowers;
The fairest is Myrtilla.

(*Chorus.*) Prince Hyacinth! now will ye go, &c.

Our mission now is fairly done,
And high in heaven soars the sun;
Farewell! for now we cut and run.
Awake! to love Myrtilla.

(*Chorus.*) Prince Hyacinth! now will ye go, &c.

[*Fairies disappear.* — PRINCE HYACINTH *awakes, and comes forward hurriedly.*]

Prince H. Stay! beauteous Being! realized Ideal!
Oh, heavens!... Was I dreaming? — A' n't it real?
I thought, at last, my wishes had been crowned,
And that a Princess for my throne I 'd found;
But now it seems that I was only dreaming.
[*Discovers the sprig of myrtle.*]
What's this? Ah! this is something more than seeming!
Now all is clear, my heart is in a flame;
This myrtle says Myrtilla is her name, —
That I must seek her, I now recollect me.
I 'll start at once, and know Love will direct me.

SONG.

AIR—*A Frog he would a wooing go.*

Yes! Yes! I will a wooing go;
Heigho! says Roley,—
Nor care if my courtiers approve it or no,
With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach.
Heigho! says Antony Roley.

At last my heart is filled with love!
Heigho! says Roley,—
If my dreams are correct, for a dear little dove,
With a Roley, Poley, &c., &c.

I'll seek her, then, o'er land and sea,
Heigho! says Roley,—
And sue for her hand and her heart on bent knee,
With a Roley, Poley, &c., &c.

So, off I'll start, in an early train,
Heigho! says Roley,—
With my cloak and umbrella, for fear it may rain,
With a Roley, Poley, &c., &c.

Enter MARQUIS OF HELIOTROPE *and* LORD PRIMROSE VIOLET.

So, here you are! Dear Heliotrope, I greet you!
Lord Primrose Violet—I'm proud to meet you!
You're looking sad, my Prim.; that's strange, for you.
Lord P. V. How should a Violet be aught but blue?
I'm short to-day; could you say Five and Twenty?
Prince H. If money's all you wish, I'll give you plenty.
But listen: I believe you staunch and true.
Lord P. V. You've but to state the deeds you'd have us do!

We 'll seek to find the sources of the Niger, —
We 'll hunt the lion, and we 'll fight the tiger.

Prince H. Wild beasts, I think, are better let alone;
I seek a Princess, to adorn my throne.
My knowledge of her name and state I gather
From last night's dream.

Lord P. V. Do you believe it?

Prince H. Rather.

But how to reach her kingdom I do n't know; —
The Fates must aid me, for I 'm bound to go.
You shall attend me — every danger scorning, —
And we will find the Princess, ere the morning.

TRIO.

AIR — *Oh, Lady Fair.*

Marq. of H. It seems, Prince, you are bent on going;
'T is raining hard, — the wind is blowing.

Prince H. Yes, I will go, — the tempest scorning, —
And find the Princess, ere the morning.

Lord P. V. We 'll waste no time ourselves adorning,
But find her for you, ere the morning.

Marq. of H. We 'll start at once — the tempest scorning,
To find the Princess, ere the morning.

Prince H. Yes, I will go, &c.
Lord P. V. We 'll waste no time, &c.
Marq. of H. We 'll start at once, &c.

Prince H. "Soft, you! A word or two, before you go."
There 's one thing that I think you do not know: —
I am by Fairies guarded, so I 'm told,
And if I 'm not, I 've been sublimely "sold."
I wish their Queen were here, to make all plain,
Or that at least she 'd send her Fairy Train.

[*Scene opens, disclosing a Train of Cars, labelled "For the Honeysuckle Bowers, and Way Stations."— Fairy Engineer and Conductor.*]

Marq. of T. Behold! Thrice envied Prince, your prayer was heard.

Lord P. V. To throw this chance away, would be absurd.

SONG.

AIR — *When the wine cup is smiling before us.*

Prince H.—

See! the Train is now waiting there for us;
There 's nought then to do but get in, boys, in,—
For if any nice youth start before us,
I shall deem it a shame and a sin.
Talk of coaches that travel securely! —
I think we are better off thus, boys, thus;
A railway 's more dangerous, surely,
But speed is the thing now for us.

Marq. of H. Since Fortune 's smiled upon the Prince thus far,
Let 's not delay, but jump into the car; —
We will not worry about cash, or clothes,
But trust to luck for everything. — Here goes!

[*Gets into the Car.* — *The* PRINCE, *and* LORD PRIMROSE VIOLET, *follow him.*]

CHORUS. (In the Car.)

AIR — *Away, away, to the Mountain's brow.*

Huzza! Huzza! for the Bowers, now,
Where the flowers are sweetly blowing;
Huzza! Huzza! for the Bowers, now, —
Don't you wish that you were going?

Prince H.—

'T is there that I hope in clover to dwell,
And in pleasure to pass all the day, —
That is, if the Bowers do n't turn out a "sell,"
And Myrtilla invites me to stay.

(*Chorus.*) Huzza! Huzza! for the Bowers, now,
Where the flowers are sweetly blowing;
Huzza! Huzza! for the Bowers, now, —
Do n't you wish that you were going?

[*Bell rings; steam-whistle sounds; cars start.*

SCENE IV.

Fairy Land.—FAIRY QUEEN *on her Throne.*—*Fairies dancing around her.*

Fairy Queen. Well done, my little Beauties! I'm delighted!
Such faithfulness shall not go unrequited.
All has been done as well as I could wish,
And now, if nothing shall occur to dish
My plans, Prince Hyacinth and Queen Myrtilla
Shall wed, and we 'll be present, sweet Vanilla.

Fairy Vanilla. I 'm glad that you approve the course I 've taken,
And trust that Nightshade will not save his bacon.
The start of us he had contrived to gain,
Therefore I sent our Prince a special train; —
It 's been gone now, I think, about two hours,
And he, by this time, must have reached the Bowers;

While Nightshade's waiting at the "Broken Jug,"
On Jordan's bank.

F. Queen. Confound his ugly mug!

F. Vanilla. He and his friends await there a conveyance.

F. Queen. His claims, then, for the time, are in abeyance.

If he's detained there for one short half hour,
The Wicked Witch will then be in my power;
A world of Nightshades then I can defy!

F. Vanilla. I'm very glad of that.

F. Queen. And so am I.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

AIR — *Oh! nothing in life can sadden us.*

Let us be gay, for there's nothing to sadden us,—
We've a Queen that we love, and we want nothing more;
The duties she gives us, enliven and gladden us,
For 't is pleasant to succor the honest and poor,—
To aid in the cause of Virtue in danger,
To baffle the plans of a villainous mind,
To soften the heart that to pity's a stranger,
And cultivate peace and good will in mankind.

F. Queen. Thanks, for your loyalty and good opinion,
I'm very happy, too, in my dominion.

SONG.

AIR — *Oh! Susannah.*

F. Vanilla.—

Whene'er you set us tasks to do, we work with right good will,—
And know that, wheresoe'er we rove, you're watching o'er us still;

So, over hill and dale we go, a sailing through the air,
As independent as the boy, who said he "did n't care!"

(Chorus.)

Oh, Queen Fairy, we will work for thee,—
And trust that all will turn out right, and we 'll be there to see.

SCENE V.

Interior of the "Broken Jug," a wayside Inn, on the other side of Jordan.

Enter PRINCE NIGHTSHADE, MARQUIS OF TIGERLILY, *and* LORD IVY HELLEBORE.

Prince N. Well, my old Trojans, here we are, at last!
And we have travelled mighty hard and fast;
A truer word that ugly Witch ne'er spoke,
Than when she said this jaunt would be no joke,—
For, what with water, mud, snow, sand and gravel,
We 've found the road extremely hard to travel.
We 'll not "flat out," as yet, but I declare
That I begin to think all this a snare,—
A mockery, and delusion. Hellebore!
We 've never been in such a strait before.

Lord I. H. Although our situation 's not so pleasant,
Things can't be much worse than they are at present!

Prince N. They may assume a brighter aspect soon,
And so, let 's have a song, to some good tune.

SONG.

AIR — *The Old Folks at Home.*

(*Chorus.*) Our path has been quite hard and dreary,
Since we began to roam, —
We 're faint, and sad, and very weary,
And quite far from home.

Prince N.—

We 've been o'er mountain, sea and river,
All, all the day, —
The Bowers, we, as yet cannot "diskiver,"
So, here for a while we 'll stay.

(*Chorus.*) Our path has been quite hard, &c.

Our faith is beginning to diminish, —
We shall be "done,"
If the Witch will not teach us how to finish
The goose-chase that we have begun.

(*Chorus.*) Our path has been quite hard, &c.

[WICKED WITCH *rises through the Table.*]

W. Witch. My power lasts now but one short half hour,
Then on my fated head the clouds will lower.
If ere that time, you to Myrtilla's Bower
Can gain an entrance, and contrive to seize
Her hand, — the Fairy Queen, do what she please,
Cannot prevent your wedding her!
Prince N. With ease,
I 'll do it.... She 's benevolent, they say; —
The part of an old mendicant I 'll play,
And ask for alms from her own royal hand;
She 'll give them; then I seize it! Understand?

W. Witch. O rare device! A coach, in half a minute
Departs from here; secure your places in it.
I will protect you while 't is in my power,
But can do nothing after half an hour.

[*Disappears through the Table.*]

SONG.

AIR—*Jim along Josey.*

Prince N.—

I tell you, old fellow, it a'n't a sure thing
That we 'll win at this game,—so in sorrow I sing.
We 've got not a moment to loiter away,
So, let us bestir ourselves, ere one can say

(*Chorus.*) Hey, come along, come along, fellows,
Hey, come along, come along, do.

[*Exeunt, with precipitation.*

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in Myrtilla's Palace, in the Honeysuckle Bowers.—The PRINCESS MYRTILLA *and* LADY VERBENA MOSSROSEBUD *discovered "relieving the austerities" of Government with embroidery.*

Myrtilla. My dear, I think you 're rather sad, to-day.
Verbena. 'T is very true.—One can 't be always gay;
Besides, I 've something weighty on my mind;—
I 'll tell it to you, if you feel inclined.
Myrtilla. I 'd be delighted! . . Come, I 'm all attention.
[*They put down their embroidery and come down the stage*]

Verbena. I need n't ask your Highness not to mention
What I 'm about to say. Well, then: last night
I dreamed a dream.....
Myrtilla. Go on, girl; that 's all right.
Verbena. I dreamed about a handsome Prince, who came
From distant lands, — I did n't learn his name, —
I only know he was a nice young man,
And that he came to woo you.
Myrtilla. If you can,
Pray, recollect, — did I accept, or no? —
For wedding any Prince, as Princes go,
Is quite out of the question.
Verbena. I do n't know
What the result was; I 'd made up my mind
To dream it out, when, all at once the blind
Slammed to, and woke me up with quite a start.
If he 's the man I dreamed he was, your heart
Will yield at once. — Then, what becomes of me?
My future prospects I can 't clearly see.

SONG.

AIR — *Nobody coming to Marry me.*

[*sadly*] Oh, dear! what will become of me!
Oh, dear! what shall I do!
I wish that some one would come here to marry me,
Some one would come here to woo!

Myrtilla. Evil, my dear, you never should anticipate!
In my good fortune you may still participate, —
For, if a Prince is coming here to woo,
No doubt he 'll bring a Nobleman or two.
Verbena. I never thought of that! Now, that 's quite jolly!
And so we 'll say, "Away! with melancholy!"

Enter Attendant.

Attendant. A Prince, and two grand Courtiers, wait without; —
What shall I say? — that you 're "at home," or "out?"
They 've just arrived here, in a special train,—
And say, their mission they will soon explain,
If you will grant an audience.
Myrtilla. Well, yes;
Bid them come in. [*Exit Attendant.*
Verbena! how 's my dress?
Verbena. You 're looking beautiful, I must confess.

Enter Prince Hyacinth, Marquis of Heliotrope, *and* Lord Primrose Violet.

[Prince Hyacinth *approaches* Myrtilla *and falls upon one knee.*]

Prince H. Oh, fairest one!—of whom I 've dreamed! my knee
In adoration do I bend to thee!
Myrtilla. Rise, Sir, and tell me who and what I see.
Prince H. (rises.) I'll do so. "Hear me, for my cause, and be
Silent that you may hear."
Myrtilla. It seems to me
I've heard that observation made, before.
Prince H. Men who anticipate me I ignore.
Pereant qui ante nos —
Myrtilla. If you please,
I do not speak the Latin tongue with ease;
This interlarding a young man's discourse
With foreign tongues, may give it greater force
With flats, and make it seem to them oracular,
But I prefer to hear our own vernacular,

And therefore must request that you 'll confine
Yourself to English.
Prince H. I shall not decline,
But will proceed to tell you who I am,
And why I came. That it a'n't all a "flam,"
I trust to bring you evidence to prove.
Myrtilla. (aside.) I think I feel a little bit in love.
Prince H. I am the Prince of a far distant land;
My name is Hyacinth — at your command!
This is old Heliotrope! — a courtier true;
And that 's Lord Violet! — less green than blue.

SONG.

AIR — *I have come from a happy land.*

I am Prince of a distant land;
I've got a nice throne;
I have come to offer thee my hand —
To make thee mine own.
I own ninety-three
Horses, that will just suit thee;
For thy use, all shall be,—
Thine, thine alone!

I live in style that 's very grand, —
As great as thine own;
I own no Peer in any land,
Except thee alone!
Then, Queen, wed with me,—
All my subjects wait for thee!
My power thine shall be, —
Thine, thine alone!

Myrtilla. This is so unadvised — so sudden, Sir,
That I must ask some moments to confer
With friends, on so important an affair.

Verbena. (*aside.*) She's had a downright offer, I declare!

Prince H. I'm not in haste, your Highness, and can wait.

Marq. of H. (*to Verbena.*) Lady; I've traversed many climes, of late,
And seen much beauty, too; but ne'er, till now,
When to thy radiant loveliness I bow,
Have I regretted I'd a wife at home.

Verbena. Then of your admiration nought can come!

Lord P. V. I'm very glad of that, — for, now I see,
Perhaps, there *may* be a slight chance for me!

SONG.

AIR — *Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.*

Believe me, I'll shield thee from danger's alarms,—
I'll love thee, I swear, night and day;
My heart, for thy home — thy protection, my arms;
What more can'st thou wish for, I pray?
Should thou be capricious, as women oft are,
I would still be the slave of thy will,—
And be the most tender of husbands, by far,—
And in spite of thy sulks, love thee still.

Verbena. My maiden bashfulness prevents my saying
That for a husband I have just been praying!
Just as the Queen does, will Verbena do;
If she accepts your Prince, then I'll take you.

SONG.

AIR — *Gentle Zitella.*

(Chorus.) Gentle Myrtilla!
Why this delay?
You 're keeping a fellow
In doubt, I must say.

Prince H. No time like the present,
To answer my prayer;
So, do be complacent —
Thou Queen of the Fair!

(Chorus.) Gentle Myrtilla!
Do not delay,—
Nor keep a nice fellow
In doubt, all the day.

Enter Attendant.

Attendant. Three ancient mendicants, like pilgrims dressed,
Are at the gate, demanding food and rest;
They 're weary, faint, and very poor, they say.
What shall I tell them?

Myrtilla. Send them not away,—
For, never yet the aged or the poor
Have been sent, unrelieved, from our door.
Bring them before us, — with our royal hand
We 'll give them alms.

Attend. I fly, at your command. [*Exit.*

Myrtilla. Verbena, have you got a half a dollar?

Verbena. Madame, you beat Philanthropists all hollow!
I understand they never give or lend.

Myrtilla. But they can 't always borrow of a friend.

[VERBENA *gives the* QUEEN *a half a dollar.*]

Enter PRINCE NIGHTSHADE, MARQUIS OF TIGERLILY, *and* LORD IVY HELLEBORE, *disguised with Dominos.*

Prince N. Oh, mighty Queen! we're very poor and old;
That you are charitable, we 've been told.
Would you bestow on us a trifling sum?

Myrtilla. I will, with pleasure; here 's a half. Pray, come!

[PRINCE NIGHTSHADE, MARQUIS OF TIGERLILY, *and* LORD IVY HELLEBORE *throw off their Dominos.*— PRINCE NIGHTSHADE *makes an effort to seize* MYRTILLA'S *hand, and as he does so, the clock strikes the half hour, and the* FAIRY QUEEN *rises through the stage, between him and* MYRTILLA. — *The other Fairies enter.*

F. Queen. Black-hearted Prince! — at last you 'll find you 're "done!"
The clock has struck, and your career is run!
You 've been non-suited, and must pay the cost.

Prince N. I 've played a game of Dominos, and lost!

F. Queen. The Witch who aided you, is in my power,
And lives in torments, from this very hour!
Behold! — In flames must she forever dwell!

[*Upper part of the Scene opens and discloses the* WICKED WITCH *surrounded with flames.*]

Prince N. Oh, mercy on us! Why, that looks like—

F. Queen. Well!
You 'll learn from that, what your fate soon shall be! —
Not yours alone — I 'll not divide you three;
The Powers you 've all served so parasitical,
Desert a man when his affairs grow critical.

Those only get rewards at last who walk
In Virtue's path.

Prince N. Why, bless me! how you talk!

F. Queen. Nightshade and friends! — descend to shades of night!
And let night shade you from the heavenly light!

[*Stage opens, and* NIGHTSHADE, TIGERLILY *and* HELLEBORE *sink through it.*]

They 'll soon be punished for their bad behavior!
Myrtilla! I was just in time to save you, —
For had he seized you, ere the clock had struck,
My jurisdiction could not mend your luck.
Tell me, Prince Hyacinth, how fares your suit?

Prince H. Inquire of the Princess; I am mute.

F. Queen. Myrtilla, let me tell you, he 's the man!
You 'd better take him.

Myrtilla. If you think I can,
Without a risk of being made for life
A wretched woman, I will be his wife.

Prince H. Oh, gracious Princess, on my knees I swear —

F. Queen. Don't swear at all; men's oaths are nought but air.
Strive to retain her heart by virtuous deeds.

Lord P. V. In all that he attempts, the Prince succeeds.

F. Queen. One throne is now sufficient for you two.
You look surprised; but ne'ertheless, 't is true.
Perhaps my words require explanation; —
You see, I 'm very fond of annexation! —
And as you 'll be united heart and hand,
You could not well rule o'er a distant land, —

So I've annexed, by force of magic Powers,
Your kingdom to the Honeysuckle Bowers.

Prince H. Such kindness, Fairy Queen, I'll not forget.
(*To Myrtilla*) I think, my love, "we may be happy yet."

Lord P. V. (*to Verbena*) The Prince's suit has prospered; how is mine?

Verbena. Sir, to you now my heart doth much incline.
And if my confidence I place in you
'T will be *inviolate?*

Lord P. V. Quite good, for you!
A happy life for all, I clearly see.

F. Queen. And you must pass your honeymoon with me.
At once we start; I wave my magic wand.

[Fairy Queen *waves her Wand.* — *Scene changes to Fairy Land.*]

Behold! You see we're in the Fairy Land, —
Where all is fair, and exquisitely bright.
Let's have a song; then bid our friends Good Night!

FINALE, BY THE ENTIRE PARTY.

Air — *Eveleen's Bower.*

Rejoice for the hour,
When to a lady's bower,
The Amaranthine Prince with sincere vows came;
Upon his knee he bent,
And stated his intent,
To make Myrtilla partner of his name and fame.

There was a Fairy Power
Watching over that Bower,

Who aided him, because he was honest and true.
We 've nothing more to say —
Except we hope this Play,
And its moral, wo n't be lost upon any one of you!

THE END.

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